

She's A One Of A Kind

She's a one of a kind.

I called her on a prayer.

She's a lot like my mother,

from the inside out like no other.

She's got heart and soul and a heart of gold.

I've never met a lady like her.

She's the only one out of any of

the women that were once a part of me, whose always honoured and

respected me.

I owe her sometimes my sincerest

apologies,

but she knows when I worry too much

about her health, best interests and

destiny

that I will always make it up to her,

while giving back the most

important things we often share,

respect, trust and love. That's something a lot of newer couples have a hard time finding anywhere.

One thing assured, this beautiful woman,

Theresa Walsh Cooke is one lovely lady

that will never be replaced as far as my

heart is concerned.

She's a one of a kind that always

amazes me.

To you my love, let's live that life to

our fullest, while growing old together.

The best is yet to be.

By John Zapantis

But no one snored

I came upon an empty space where

some people were having an after

booze nap

But no one snored nor did they pass

wind or gas.

It's a funny time and place for a nap, I

was about to snap.

There's times when emotion gets the

best of me, but in no time ill feelings

pass

When you're in a men's shelter and

you're on the government's tap.

In the shelter you smell some strong

shoes, and high volume with low

sounding bass.

Another time I came upon a house

near a lake.

Saw a pile of people inside but no one

snored.

Upon getting home heard a radio

newscast about a lake house full of

suicide,

When I saw where they'd been lying

but no one snored, and so I ignored.

The situation with which I was adored.

We should be grateful even when you

are a little bored.

By Ernie Ballandine

Her lips Past

Her lips had been injured in the past

Her statement made many men feel

like bullies

Whereas before she shook like lilies.

A little later she asked/demanded for

some money to buy a cigarette

It dawned on me that some people are

rude when asking for a smoke.

Perhaps her lips had been injured a

lot

But when police inquire about pan-

handlers it's no joke.

She repeated and more aggressively,

what a little shit-

In her defence she did say she was

capable of looking after herself

by trying to quit.

She stated strongly her lips may be

injured,

She said she was still kissable.

By Ernie Ballandine,

August 4, 2012



Alberta Street News

Volume 9 Issue 9 2012

Boycott Bryants book!

Pages 6-7 Allan
Sheppard shares
his thoughts
about Bryant's
book.

In this book,
Bryant airs his
one sided version
of events that
caused the death
of Darcy
Sheppard.
Darcy is dead, so
his side cannot
be told.



Vendors pay 50 cents per paper



Alberta Street News

Volume 9 Issue 9 2012

Boycott Bryant's book!

Pages 6-7 All an ASN special feature factchecking about Bryant's book.

In this book, Bryant says he is one sided version of events that caused the death of Darcy Sheppard. Bryant is wrong, he has made himself be told.

Members don't get this issue



Alberta STREET NEWS

Alberta Street News
Volume 9 Issue 9 2012

Alberta Street News is an independent publication produced by volunteers and sold by vendors on the street.

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Mission

Edmonton Street News Society provides a voice, employment and social support to those who need these, and communicates perspectives dealing with poverty and social justice, by education and communication activities, including publishing a street newspaper

Values/Beliefs/Guiding Principles

We believe in being inclusive and encouraging
We believe that human rights are fundamental to living together
We believe that everyone deserves the opportunity to earn and control their money
We believe in journalistic and organizational professionalism and integrity
We believe the public needs to know about issues around poverty and social justice
We value community and connecting with others
We value passion and determination
We believe everyone deserves the opportunity to learn, develop and use communication skills

The views presented in this publication are those of the writers.

Opinion

We must seek the truth about the death of Darcy Sheppard



I was vacationing with my sister and brother-in-law in Musquash, New Brunswick when I caught the end of a program where Michael Bryant was being interviewed about his book, 28 Seconds. What attracted my attention was my brother in law saying, "The poor man!" he was referring to Bryant and the "terrible ordeal" he suffered in being accosted by a person he has described as being as being like a "Tasmanian devil", then being charged and held in jail, and having to defend himself on charges of dangerous driving.

I went to see what he was talking about, and caught a glimpse of a photo of Darcy Sheppard.

Unfortunately, my brother-in-law's reaction most likely mirrors the reaction of the common man, the public to whom Bryant is telling his story. My brother-in-law is a good man who cares for his family. He lives in a small rural community, is retired and works part time as a motorcycle mechanic, then relaxes in front of the television in the evening with his 91-year-old mother. He doesn't even own a computer, and he had never heard about Darcy Sheppard or Michael Bryant before that CBC program aired.

The next day the Chatelaine magazine came, and I read their story about Bryant - nowhere in that account did he admit he had hit the cyclist, and started the whole encounter through his own careless driving. Instead he focused on his fear and assumptions he made like the pylons being moved, although he had not seen Darcy doing that.

Boycott Bryant's book - 28 Seconds says David Sheppard

Bryant's book, 28 Seconds, is at best a very one sided presentation of the events surrounding Darcy Sheppard's death. Unfortunately, the dead can't sue, and Darcy Sheppard is dead.

In an attempt to set the record straight, David Sheppard, Darcy's brother, with the help of his father, Allan Sheppard, has started a Facebook page, **Boycott Michael Bryant's book 28 Seconds**, to bring some attention to his brother's side of the story and to encourage people not to buy the book. As of August 28 it had almost 700 members.

David said, "It's like Bryant is pretty much profiting from my family's tragic loss of my brother." Darcy's death left four children fatherless.

Bike commuters and Darcy's friends will be at the official launch of Bryant's book September 5th in Toronto to protest, and there was a memorial ride for Darcy in Toronto on Friday the 31st of August, the second anniversary of his death..

Allan Sheppard, Darcy's father, is planning on writing a book about the legal and justice implications that led them to drop the charges. He said, "That did not exonerate Bryant, it just meant that there was not enough evidence to prosecute.

"What Bryant says in the book is not under oath. It's he said, period, not even he said -she said. The special prosecutor made it possible,"

I can't help but wonder what would have happened had Darcy been the driver and Bryant the cyclist. It is very likely that with only the aid of a Legal Aid lawyer he would still be in jail now. After all, ASN writer Pedro Schultz was charged and found guilty of dangerous driving because his car failed to stop in time on the grass and struck a police officer. His license was suspended for two years, and he had community service hours to complete even though the officer was not killed or even seriously injured.

Unfortunately Bryant can say whatever he wants, and there is no rebuttal because Darcy cannot tell his side of the story. It is therefore up to us to do what we can to set the record straight, to protest this lack of justice for the victim because there is no denying that Darcy Sheppard as well as Michael Bryant was the victim.

To see actual footage of the incident caught by security cameras and to hear witness statements go to You tube under 2 of 3 clips **IMPROVED FOOTAGE, Bryant Rams Toronto Cyclist**. These clearly show that the incident was initiated by Bryant, who sped up as soon as the light turned green and hit Darcy who was also at the light on his bike, knocking him down. One witness stated, "I saw the car speeding up the wrong side of the road with the injured man hanging on. The car went up onto the sidewalk to try to knock... him off. The guy in the car (Bryant) was yelling pretty loud - road rage. He (Darcy) was hanging on for quite a while". He then relates how Bryant ran over Darcy with his back tire and left him bleeding on the sidewalk. Another witness said, "The guy hit him with the car on his bike.... He definitely tried to hit him off." These were witnesses on the scene immediately after the incident occurred.

If you read Bryant's book and listen to his version of the story remember that he is a politician and that it is in his own best interests to put a positive spin on his own actions. It is imperative that we remember Darcy's story as well, even though, and especially since, he cannot speak for himself.

Read Allan Sheppard's comments on pages six seven.

By Linda Dumont

By Linda Dumont



The Ask Your Auntie team performs at The Carrot Café. Left to right, Moderator: Monique Bulmer; Aunties Diane Miele, Sharon Morin, Ruth Suvee and Senator Thelma Chalifoux.
Photo: Pushali Mitra

Ask your Auntie

Respected women in Aboriginal communities are called, respectfully and affectionately, Auntie. Ask your Auntie is an occasional column in which members of the Aboriginal Women's Professional Women's Association (AWPA) will offer practical advice to readers. AWPA's aunties normally take questions at public events, but they have agreed do a written version for ASN. This second column is based on a public performance on March 8, for a celebration of International Women's Day.

Is mentoring is a good way to help young people learn how to be successful?

Diane :I'm actually mentoring a young girl, and it has been the most amazing thing, because I think maybe we sell ourselves short sometimes. We might have something to offer. I'm looking for a mentor, myself, because to hang around with someone successful, you don't have to reinvent the wheel, and you gain from their energy.

How do deal with stress? Any coping strategies or ideas?

Ruth: Well, I'm not only a counselor, but I'm also a holistic therapist. I work with people that are dealing with stress all the time in their work situation and relationships. One of the things that we fail to do is take care of ourselves, especially women. We are taught to take care of other people first. So self-care is so important. Relaxation, teaching people how to relax, to just live one day at a time, to live in the moment. Most of us live in the future or in the past. They have a very difficult time just being in the moment. So one of the things that I learned to do and to help other people do is to teach relaxation therapy. Just to take a deep breath, to be in the moment. We can do that through music. We can do it through art. We can do it through progressive relaxation, through visualization, just to think about all the blessings we have, to take account of what we do have, rather than what we don't have. One of the things I learned is that by praying every morning and saying thank you, Creator, for another new day, takes off that stress of worrying about what we don't have

and helps us appreciate what we do have. Every day is a new day.

What is women's empowerment in your view? Do you think we are empowering our women enough in Canada? Or in the world?

Sharon: We've been talking a lot about International Women's Day and what it is. I did hear that in Canada we are way ahead of many countries, especially around banking. I mean talking about women on boards of corporations. They did a survey of women that sit on those boards and asked whether they wanted to see a certain percentage of women being on the boards, and every one of those women said no. Because they wanted to be there on merit. And Canada is setting the tone in the corporate world on women being in those positions. But we are still paid 30 per cent less than men. And still, today, women make up only 20 per cent of the politicians in the world.

I am newly married, and of course all is amazing. After 40 years of marriage, how can I ensure that we will still feel the same way.

Sharon Morin: I think I kind of answered that. It's remembering how you felt that day when you were saying those vows. That first time you went on your first date. That's what I think keeps that feeling going. And the respect has to be mutual. So he should be feeling the same way as you.

Thelma: That's why I'm single. Tried it twice. Gave it up as a bad job.

What advice do you have for women struggling to maintain a family, career and friends?

Thelma: It's still my motto today, the work will be here when I'm dead and gone. The children are very important. I was a single parent when it wasn't popular to be a single parent. I raised seven children, and I also worked. When I came home from work, and the guys, especially the boys, were playing basketball, or something like that, and I'd get in there with them. Your children are only lent to you for a little while. They grow up and they leave. The day that I realized

that my oldest son was 62 years old, I almost fainted. But you know, they're my best friends. So that is how you juggle. You forget the ironing and you deal with the children. And you deal with the fun.

How can we as Aboriginal women involved in careers work with men in senior positions? How can we be sure that these men respect us as an Aboriginal woman with much to offer? And this is for both Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal men we might work with.

Thelma: The stereotyping that most men have I found that in all the years I worked, and I totally changed careers every ten years. I found that I'd walk into a board meeting, and they'd go, "Oh lord, here comes Thelma with her women's lib." And I'd say, "You better believe it. And you're going to sit there and listen, because we do have some concerns." That stopped it, and I was able to take on and address issues. You have to stand up, and that's where your identity comes in. I was always taught that by my mother, my aunties, my granny-proud, proud women. That's what we have to be. We don't have to be braggarts. We just have to be proud and to know who we are as women and be able to make points. We're human beings. It's not a case of men and women. It's a case of human beings.

What do you think about internet dating?

Diane: I haven't done it, myself, but I have girlfriends who have done a lot of internet dating. I have to say it didn't turn out very well, because there wasn't any depth in the relationship. And a lot of people can misrepresent themselves online. I think there are more meaningful ways to meet someone. Talk about something that's more immediate. You can actually meet the person in person and know what you're getting from the get-go.

Send the Aunties a question

Call on the wisdom and experience of women from our Aboriginal community. No question is too big or too small. See Page 2 for contact and deadline information.

-Allan Sheppard

37th annual Servus Heritage Days Festival featured rapper Feenix as part of cultural festivities



Shawn Bernard a.k.a. Feenix embracing his children, Blaize, Talon and Shawn Junior in front of the Aboriginal Pavilion during the 37th annual Servus Heritage Days Festival.

Minorities from all over the world, who now make Edmonton their home, put on a big cultural festival showcasing ethnic dances, the sales of arts and crafts, jewellery, clothing and other traditional items. These cultures were all a part of the 37th annual Servus Heritage Days Festival hosted by the Edmonton

Heritage Festival Association. The three day event was held August 4th, 5th and 6th. Admission to the event was free. Food tickets were sold on site in exchange for various ethnic dishes served at the cultural pavilions. The Edmonton Food Bank was on site collecting food donation for those in need.

The annual cultural event was held at Hawrelak Park in Edmonton. The event offered 72 pavilions while representing over 80 countries. The Aboriginal Pavilion located on site 63 was one of many intriguing pavilions that offered an array of cultural activities. A food tent provided an interesting selection of Aboriginal cuisine that included bannock, bannock bison burgers and other food items. During the afternoon, the Aboriginal Pavilion featured some well-known Aboriginal hip-hop rappers and break dancers, who really put on a professional show for hip-hop enthusiasts.

Matthew Creasian, a member of the popular Edmonton hip-hop breakdance group Rhythm Speaks, acted as the hip-hop festivities MC, introducing a variety of well known Aboriginal recording rap artists to the pavilion stage including national Aboriginal award winning rapper Shawn Bernard a.k.a. Feenix.

Bernard came onto the stage to sing a number of his popular solos, getting the whole audience either up on their feet singing or dancing to some of his famous hit singles.

Other notable rappers included Conway K along with some of the members of Rhythm Speaks which consisted of only two of its five original members, Matthew Creasian and Angela Gladue, who added their very own entertaining and creative break dance mix while keeping the audience alive throughout the afternoon's venue.

National Aboriginal award winning nomi-

nated rapper and recording artist Shawn Bernard came off the stage after the ending of his great performance and gave Alberta Street News an interview. Unlike some successful big time artists Shawn's life got off to a tragic and unfortunate start. While he was growing up in Edmonton, Shawn's mother died from a drug overdose, when he was 4 year's old. He was raised without a father, who at that time was serving a life sentence for murder, doing time in the Edmonton Max.

The tragic ending of his mother's life encouraged his grandmother to look after Shawn while his father continued to serve time in the slammer. When he was 10 years old, he finally met his father for the very first time during a visit to the Edmonton Max.

In an interview with Alberta Street News, Bernard elaborated on that visit and how it felt seeing his father for the first time. Bernard said, "I went to go and visit him in the Edmonton Max on some of his socials and then he got out on parole. After 10 years he came and saw me. I didn't really know him too well. He died when I was 17 years old."

When his grandmother passed away, another grandmother took over the responsibilities of raising him and his sister. The second grandmother, who was illiterate in English, lacked a proper education and lived on welfare, the food bank's support and various donations.

While a youngster growing up in Edmonton, young Shawn at age 10 hooked up with some neighbourhood kids and got involved in the hip-hop culture. His passion for break dancing continued up until he started hanging out with the wrong crowds at age 14. Running with the wrong kind of people got him mixed up in all kinds of criminal activities, ending up with the occasional visit to a young offenders centre.

The harsh lessons of prison life seemed to have very little impact on where he'd end up next. After being discharged from his first incarceration, he continued to commit endless crimes while supporting his alcohol and drug habits, only to end up again in and out of various local prisons.

One day, the learning curve to his endless crime sprees finally came to an abrupt end. That's when he hit the inevitable wall seven years ago, when he was arrested and sent to the Edmonton Remand Centre. It was during that time in court, while standing in front of the crown prosecutor that a deal was about to be made in exchange for a more lenient sentence. All Shawn would have to do then was plead guilty to the charge. He did and his sentence for the serious crime wasn't so harsh.

While in the Edmonton Remand Centre, he had time to look back on his life, going over the details that got him into his life of crime, then thinking about his future and the future of his children, along with the past tragic overdose of his sister that would now make that special day the first day of the rest of his life, Bernard said, "I've got a bunch of kids. I mean two of them from the previous relationship. That and my youngest kids are from a previous one."

"The mother had both of her two boys with her and they were apprehended at birth, by child welfare, because of her drug habit. When I went to jail, she was trying to go through programs, to get them back while attending treatments, but she said she couldn't do it. She was stressing out and said, she was going to sign my older son, Shawn junior, over until he was 18. While I was in prison, my sister overdosed and died. I was looking at 10 years. I decided right there in jail that I wanted to change my life around and keep my kids out of child welfare, by working jobs and doing whatever I had to do."

While serving his time in prison Native elders came to visit him, constantly encouraging him to pray and change his ways for the better. He also gave his first passion some serious thought, a natural hidden talent that he carried with him from youth, writing poems closely related to the field of rap music. He took a serious look into a possible future as an aspiring rap recording artist, Bernard said, "When I first heard rap, when I was younger, I realized it was pretty easy. It was just poetry. I liked writing poems. I started writing rhythms and making my songs and decided I wanted to write Native rap. In the last six or seven years, I only started recording."

"Now I've straightened up my life and given up drugs and alcohol. The only reason I gave up was because I was in jail and because of my kids, and my sister dying, and the threat of looking at a lot of years in jail. An elder went to bat for me. My cousin gave an elder some tobacco, to have a pipe ceremony for me. They prayed to get me out at my next bail hearing. Inside I fasted, because they said, they were going to fast. So I fasted too. They told me I didn't have to, but I fasted, because I wanted to. So I fasted before court. I didn't get it the first time. I knew it was just a test. The second time I went for my bail hearing I fasted again. I got it with the prayer and with the help of the community that believed in me that I was going to change my life. They were all straight 'A' people that went to bat for me. The help from the elders really helped me. I made promises inside while fasting that I'd change my life and get my kids out. I know that I was locked in. I had to live up to my promises that I made while I prayed and fasted. When I got out of jail, I went to see the elder. His name was Joe Couterelle. He's passed on, but I started learning and teaching and going to pipe ceremonies and sweat lodges. Culture's what really helped me straighten out."

After his release from prison, the determined and reformed man set out on an unusual and new business venture. The venture involved his long held desire to get his gifted, written, raw material, a series of poetry and rap lyrics, written in the long term marketed for a possible recording label, while attempting to climb the professional musical

Continued page 5

The Perfect Husband

I always wanted a perfect husband but I knew that I wouldn't find one on this earth and to expect any man to be perfect would not be fair to him or to me. But then I found Jesus – the only perfect man who ever lived. I saw Jesus in dreams and visions. He spoke to me through the Bible, through others and also directly -- so I knew that He was real. I read everything in the Bible that was written about Him – what He said, what He did, and what others said about Him. I found out that:

Jesus is the only begotten Son of the Father. He was born of the Holy Spirit and also born of the flesh. He is both God and man. Therefore, Jesus has no sin and is able to perfectly love us. We are His Beloved, His Bride. Jesus loves us so much that He was willing to die for us so that we could be cleansed from our sin and thus able to enter Heaven.

Jesus will never stop loving us. He will never leave us, divorce, abandon or reject us. He would never take advantage of us or try to control or manipulate us in any way. We may not feel His Presence but we can know that He is always with us because this is His promise. I discovered that Jesus always keeps His promises and that He has gone now to prepare a place in Heaven for us where we will live forever. His Presence is still with us in the form of The Holy Spirit.

I also discovered, through reading the Bible, through my own personal experiences and those of other people, that Jesus is compassionate, merciful, generous, patient and

understanding – every quality we would ever want in a husband. I like what Basilea Schlink, a Roman Catholic nun, says in her book 'My All for Him', "There is no one like Jesus. No one is so full of glory, so full of royal beauty and powerful love as Jesus. His love is so overwhelming, so tender and so intimate, so fiery and strong. No human love could ever be compared with it. No one exists so exclusively for us as Jesus."

Because Jesus is God, He is not limited to one person and He loves us all the same. Jesus is every woman's perfect husband, lover and friend.

Yes, Jesus is God and has all the attributes of God His Father, but Jesus is also human like us. He came in the flesh, as man. It is very comforting to know that Jesus identifies with us. He knows what it is like to be born and to die. He knows all our joys and sorrows. He knows our frustrations and fears. He knows the depths of our pain and suffering. Jesus experiences all the same feelings that we have. He gets angry with evil, corruption, abuse and injustice of any kind. Jesus doesn't like the sin that He sees inside of us but He lovingly corrects us and is quick to forgive. And He is extremely patient with us!

Because Jesus is both God and man, He

understands everything about us and He can help us with every problem no matter how big or how small. I found out that I can talk with Jesus at anytime and anywhere. He is always ready to listen and never turns us away. He also talks to us. He said, "My sheep listen to my voice. I know them and they follow me." (John 10: 27) Basilea Schlink says, "Jesus is yearning to have fellowship with us. He is waiting for us. He wants us to be close to Him. He wants to speak to us in our hearts, to cultivate love's intimate relationship with us."

I began my loving, intimate relationship with Jesus many years ago when I gave my life to Him. Our relationship has deepened over the years and is more important to me than anything else in all of life. I am 67 years old now and I can honestly say that Jesus has brought me through all the trials and tribulations of life and I trust Him to bring me through the rest of the way!

If you do not know Jesus, I would encourage you to read about Him especially in The Gospels, to invite Him to come into your life, to forgive your sins, to be your loving, companion -- to walk and talk with you. I can assure you that you will never regret such a decision.

by Judy Brown

Heritage Days Festival

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ladder as an aspiring recording rap artist.

Bernard said, "I started going through avenues and finding people to help me, groups like Loose Society and other people and started recording. A friend of mine, Will Belcourt, told me about a grant from the Alberta Foundation for the Arts. So he helped me out, filled it all out for me and I signed it all off and we got the grant. It was for my first demo. I paid for my first demo."

Since that time, he's written and recorded numerous hit singles and albums to his credit. For his very first CD, in 2007, The Real OG, he achieved a Canadian Aboriginal Music Award nomination. In 2008 a second CD was nominated for the Canadian Aboriginal Music Awards. In 2009 Shawn Bernard was again nominated at the Canadian Aboriginal Music Awards and won best rap video of the year. In 2010 Shawn was now reaching the peak of his popularity, after winning two nominations for best rap or hip-hop video (Strong) including best rap or hip-hop album (Collaboration) at the Canadian Aboriginal Music Awards.

His songs by far are a familiar trade mark among the First People's and Canadians abroad. Many of his CD's have received nation wide radio play. He's also been notable for winning the hearts of Aboriginal voters who voted Shawn in as their favourite stage performer at the 2007 Dreamspeaker festival. His good looks have also proudly straddled the front CD cover REZX comeback issue. His stage presence was prolific while starring on a NFB short film documentary about his personal life called "Walking Alone" a story about his recovery, music and family.

Though when it boils down to how he has to roll the last dice in his life with what seems to be the biggest award in his life, nothing defeats the love he has for his family, culture and community, Bernard said, "Since I chose to go back to my culture and focus on my dreams nothing but good things have been happening for me. The more good I do for the community, the more good things are happening for me and my kids. The most important thing is my kids have a good home, got clothes right away. They live with me. I'm rich with love. For my children and the community love me."

Story and photo John Zapantis

Women, wages and childcare

This month, Alberta's minimum wage (for those not working in places that serve alcohol) will increase by 35 cents to \$9.75 an hour. Small as it is, any increase in wage rates is certainly welcome. But, let's face it, even this increase doesn't compensate for the basic inadequacy of the minimum wage. Even balanced against the relatively low income points arrayed by Statistics Canada in their Low Income Cut Off (LICO) rates, minimum wage recipients still fall way below the poverty line. It is also clear that the people earning minimum wage are just one group within the cohort of low wage workers, and it is equally important to consider the lot of those earning just slightly above the minimum wage. And then we need to look at the make-up of this group of the working class. When we do this we can clearly see the face of gender, class and poverty in Alberta.

According to data released by Public Interest Alberta (PIA), with the support of the Alberta College of Social Workers (ACSW), over 60% of low waged workers in our province are women. 83,600 women in Calgary and 85,500 women in Edmonton earn less than \$15 an hour. As noted by Lori Sigurdson, the Professional Affairs Coordinator for the ACSW "women in Alberta are working hard to support their families and yet, sadly, the hurdles to their success are much higher than those experienced by men. These indicators clearly show that women experience systemic discrimination. The government's new Social Policy Framework must include strategies to eliminate these inequities". Julie Hrdlicka, with PIA, puts it into concrete terms when she notes that "this in turn leaves many families taking more than one job, and struggling to find affordable quality child care".

Basically, then, it is clear that wages alone cannot ensure authentic social participation and inclusion; wage policies need to be supplemented by broader social policy options and program supports. Child care – quality, universal, developmental appropriate child care (QUAD) – would go a long way to increasing the authentic choices of women and the social well-being of families. It is also a key factor in early childhood development which essential to the creation of a just and inclusive society. However, in Alberta at least, there seems to be some visceral opposition to any kind of help or meaningful government involvement in this area. Sure, the Federal Government provides \$100 a month to families with young children; then there are tax credits to help the middle- and upper-classes. But these instruments do not

necessarily help working class families who are already on the edge in terms of both time and money. Even a full subsidy does not cover the total costs of child-care for low-income Albertans; and families are then forced to make difficult economic and logistical choices.

So what's the answer? Well, as with any effective public policy response there needs to be a combination of elements. We need to have subsidies that more accurately reflect the true costs of childcare. We also need to develop a buffet of tax benefits which provide actual money to individuals. A child benefit would be a good idea. We must ensure that wages for childcare workers are competitive. And we might also want to have some discussion about the role that publically funded QUAD childcare can play in our province. As I have said before, there is no one big solution to any social issue. But there can be a continuum.

Now, many people know about the childcare system in Quebec. The low daily cost is certainly attractive and helps support the social and economic choices for women. It also helps the overall economy. According to the Canadian Union of Public Employees "child care investments in Quebec have pumped an additional \$5.2 billion into the Quebec economy. Plus, earnings from increased employment send 90 cents in tax revenues back to federal and provincial governments for every dollar invested".

That being said, it is not perfect; there are flaws in the system. Yet, what is important is the fact that it is a viable option and if we want to support choices we truly need options. If we had a QUAD option, this would not take away the rights of people to make whatever childcare choices they wanted. Parents could stay home and other family members could help out. People could also opt to use private alternatives based on the market. But it would offer some safe and viable alternatives for working class women and their families.

The minimum wage rate is going up. But this is not enough. Participation in the workplace itself is no guarantee that workers will avoid poverty. Therefore, government must compensate for these market shortfalls and develop a comprehensive social policy network that protects all low paid workers and their families; a system that truly helps people be all that they can be. Quality, universal, affordable and developmentally-based childcare should be a key element in such a network.

By Timothy Wild, Calgary

Chutzpah, thy name is Michael Bryant



Darcy-College Park Toronto

Leo Rosten in *The Joys of Yiddish* defines chutzpah as "gall, brazen nerve, effrontery, incredible 'guts,' presumption plus arrogance such as no other word and no other language can do justice to." In this sense, chutzpah expresses both strong disapproval and condemnation. In the same work, Rosten also defined the term as "that quality enshrined in a man (former Ontario Attorney General Michael Bryant) who, having killed his mother and father, throws himself on the mercy of the court because he is an orphan." —Wikipedia

I'd like to propose an alternative definition (or example) of chutzpah: that quality enshrined in a man (former Ontario Attorney General Michael Bryant) who, having killed a cyclist with his car on a street in Toronto, writes a book—*28 Seconds, A TRUE STORY OF ADDICTION TRAGEDY AND HOPE*—that, among other things, (a) blames the victim and/or the car for what happened, (b) condemns the police for arresting and detaining him; failing to investigate the case rigorously; and showing bias against him in those and other instances, and (c) chides the media for rushing to judgment and reporting the incident inaccurately.

That is a nutshell summary of some of the points Mr. Bryant makes in his book released on July 21, just in time for my annual trip to Toronto to visit family and friends.

So what's the point, you may ask. Mr. Bryant got much generous media coverage that gave him friendly opportunities to display his chutzpah and perhaps sell a few more books. Does it really matter?

It matters to me, because the cyclist who died at 33 was my son, Darcy Allan

Sheppard, an off-duty bicycle messenger in Toronto. It matters to Darcy Allan's brother (and my son) David and to the many members of their large adoptive and birth families. Our reasons should need no further explanation.

It matters to Darcy Allan's friends, colleagues and supporters (many, though not all, of them messengers and cyclists), who believe that an injustice was done when B.C. lawyer Richard Peck (a special prosecutor for the Crown brought into the case to avoid any appearance of favouritism from judges and Crown prosecutors Mr. Bryant might have appointed as Attorney General) decided to drop serious charges against Mr. Bryant, because there was no reasonable prospect of a conviction. My son's history of addictions and violence, and his criminal record, counted strongly in favour of Mr. Bryant.

Mr. Peck's decision was defensible with respect to law, but arguable with respect to justice. (Mr. Bryant, not surprisingly, disagrees.)

What is most unjust in the eyes of my son's messenger and cyclist friends is the fact that Mr. Peck explained his decision in terms that led many casual and media observers to believe that Mr. Bryant had been exonerated, even absolved. That was not the case in a legal sense, but Mr. Peck seems to my son's supporters to have gone out of his way make it so in fact and in the minds of the media and their publics.

It matters to you—or should matter to you—because Darcy Allan's friends, colleagues, supporters and family might be right, substantially if not totally, in their belief that an injustice was done to my son,

to them, and in fact to all of us.

Yet strangely and provocatively (as in chutzpah) Mr. Bryant has written a book, and now is promoting it, arguing that injustice was done to him(!) and only to him.

I do not believe Mr. Peck's decision to drop charges was wrong—in law. I know my son's background and I understand how the system can work against someone with a record such as his. It raises a reasonable doubt, which is all that is needed for an acquittal. I agree with that in principle and, reluctantly, in this case. Too many people in Canada and elsewhere have been condemned to prison, even executed, when that principle was ignored.

Some of my son's supporters agree with me; many do not. Some have expressed their concerns intemperately (<http://tinyurl.com/9ze6mqa>). But we all agree that Mr. Bryant oversteps the bounds of decency, respect (and self-respect) in claiming that he had no responsibility or agency in what happened.

I invite anyone who may not know the details of the incident to enter the keywords Bryant Sheppard in an internet or Youtube search. There is much material there, on both sides of the matter.

This is my response to Mr. Bryant's claims mentioned above:

My son and/or the car, not Mr. Bryant, were responsible for what happened.

Mr Bryant and his wife, who was with him in the car, claimed that they had been mostly passive observers at a major intersection before the crosswalk where a confrontation with my son occurred. They claimed through Mr. Peck, and Mr. Bryant later claimed in his book, that they saw my son accosting and threatening motorists and throwing garbage onto the street. They also believed, according to Mr. Peck and Mr. Bryant, that my son had moved traffic cones to obstruct motorists restricted to one lane in each direction in a construction zone. They were, therefore, apprehensive when my son appeared and stopped in front of their car as Mr. Bryant waited at a stoplight farther along the street, purportedly throwing a punch at Mr. Bryant as he passed and remaining in place when the light changed.

Mr. Bryant claims that he was terrorized by this behaviour and verbal threats from my son (who, it must be noted, remained several feet in front of him, facing forward); so much so that, in his panicked state, he could not engage the clutch, accelerator and manual gearshift properly, causing the car (not the driver!) to "lurch" forward three(!!!) times, running my son down on the third lurch. My son fell first onto the hood of the car and then to the pavement, when the car braked suddenly after travelling 30 feet.

When my son got up, he pointed to nearby witnesses and yelled, as confirmed by police and by Mr. Bryant himself in his book, "You are my witnesses." Those are hardly words one would expect from someone intending to injure or kill another person. They are arguably the words of someone hoping to prevent a driver from leaving a collision in which he felt he had been attacked.

At that point Mr. Bryant regained control of his car (if not of himself), even though, he says, his panic increased as my son approached the car. He drove back then forward around my son and his bike, both still

on the pavement. My son, in a rash act that cost his life, grabbed onto the car, my son's supporters and I believe, to stop Mr. Bryant leaving the scene of a collision and an assault with a vehicle. Mr. Bryant did not stop. He sped away with my son hanging onto the driver's side of the car until he was fatally injured.

Mr. Bryant claims self-defence and invokes a principle that holds that, if an accused acts as a normal, reasonable person could be expected to act in similar circumstances, he is not guilty of any consequences. This principle (which Mr. Bryant says in the book he had a hand in writing as a clerk to the Supreme Court of Canada) and precedents brought forward by the defence are hopelessly ambiguous and biased against deceased victims who cannot speak for themselves and who have unfortunate backgrounds, even when those backgrounds were not known to the accused at the time an act resulting in death took place. This ambiguity was underlined by Special Prosecutor Peck when he accepted all witness evidence (questionable as it was, in many cases) that seemed to support Mr. Bryant's version of the confrontation and to reject all witness evidence (some of which seemed to be strong), that did not support Mr. Bryant—without, it must be added, providing any evidence (other than his saying and believing so) to validate his decisions.

Chutzpah!

The Toronto Police Service was biased against Mr. Bryant and botched its investigation

ASN and I always try to consider things police in general do and say with objectivity, but also with a rigorous skepticism. We tend not take police at face value and to judge actions as well as words, especially when it comes to the way they often seem to be biased against marginalized citizens and deferential toward elites.

Perhaps I'm guilty of personal bias, but I believe the investigating detectives who told me they investigated every lead that came to them and vigorously deny Mr. Bryant's charges that they did not investigate leads given to them by the defence.

And I do not take seriously Mr. Bryant's complaint that he should not have been charged at all or that, because he was held in a cell for 12 hours, he was treated differently than other drivers involved in traffic deaths who, he says, are almost always released pending completion of an investigation.

What Mr. Bryant overlooks is that many, if not most, commentators (even some of those who otherwise support him) believe that, had they been in his situation, they would surely have been arrested, charged and held for much longer than 12 hours, perhaps even until a trial.

Mr. Bryant overlooks the fact that he was not just another unfortunate driver; he was a driver with a prominent profile and political past; not to have charged or held him would have left the police facing media and public accusations that who Mr. Bryant was had led them to overlook or minimize what he appeared to have done. That may have been unfortunate for Mr. Bryant, but he was at the time the public personality he had chosen to be; the police should not have, and properly did not, defer to that reality.

Mr. Bryant overlooks the fact that he and his wife did not speak to the police for at least six months after the event. That is their right, which I accept and defend. But I cannot ignore the fact that, by remaining silent, they denied police the opportunity to investigate, (perhaps among many other things) the evidence and any possible witness accounts of events they say occurred at an earlier intersection, which they said justified their apprehension and subsequent panic when my son later joined them at the next traffic light. After six months any possible corroboration

of their stories was erased or forgotten. I am not aware of any evidence that came forward, other than the reports of Mr. Bryant and his wife.

Mr. Bryant overlooks the fact that Mr. Bryant and his wife were never interrogated. They were interviewed by one member of the prosecution team and one investigating officer without prejudice as I was told by the attending officer (that is, in circumstances that would not prejudice their right not to have to testify, if the case went to trial): not under oath, without cross-examination, with their lawyers present, and with the understanding that nothing they said could be used against them.

Mr. Bryant overlooks the fact that, when he and his wife were interviewed, they had benefit of all the evidence the defence had collected. They also had, as required by law, all the evidence collected by the prosecutors.

And Mr. Bryant also overlooks the fact that in a colossal, probably unprecedented, act of generosity, Special Prosecutor Peck accepted everything he and his wife offered in his support and put the most favourable bits on the record in court, enabling Mr. Bryant to share everything he chose with the media and in his book without prejudice, so as to imply exoneration and claim unfair treatment.

Chutzpah! Chutzpah!

The media mishandled reporting of the incident, especially in early coverage, publishing and broadcasting news that portrayed Mr. Bryant negatively

Early reports were given when the names and backgrounds of the driver and victim were not known, either by reporters or the witnesses they were able to interview. By the time Mr. Bryant's name was known, his lawyer and public relations firm had already been on the job for several hours, and it was not much later that my son's unfortunate past and rumours of over-the-top aggression toward the Bryants (later supported by Mr. Peck, though not in any hard evidence that I have had access to and have tried to get) began to circulate in the mainstream media.

Very quickly, basically after 24 hours, the media lined up in support of Mr. Bryant and against my son. Of the hundreds of

reports I have read and seen, no more than five seriously questioned Mr. Bryant's view of the event—even when Mr. Peck's version of the event affirmed Mr. Bryant's version, nine months after the event and three months after Mr. Bryant first spoke to the police and the prosecution: without prejudice. Yet Mr. Bryant claims he was treated unfairly by the media. That may have been true of most alternative media; it was not true of mainstream media.

Chutzpah! Chutzpah! Chutzpah!

For Mr. Bryant to claim be the victim (and act as if he were the only victim) of injustice is at best self-serving and at worst—well, that's somewhere I don't want to go. I try and have tried here, to maintain objectivity, without losing passion. You are welcome to read Mr. Bryant's book to get his side of the story. My goal is to persuade you to make up your own mind, while urging you to keep your skeptical senses in tune and alert.

I want to thank ASN's editor, Linda Dumont, for giving me an invitation and generous space to offer some of my views on the incident that led to my son's death, and on the aftermath, particularly Mr. Bryant's book. And I must thank you, as readers, for taking the time to hear me out.

I am not a vindictive person. I do not want to see Mr. Bryant in jail or to see him suffer more than he already has (for he is a victim, too). But he has written a book that demands a rebuttal, and I feel I must make one.

I am leaving Edmonton at the end of this month to spend the winter in Charlottetown PEI. I will stay with my son (and Darcy Allan's brother) David and his family, to try to help him through tough times and support him as he attends trade school to enhance his earning power. I plan to be back next spring. In the meantime, I will continue to follow, report, and comment on Edmonton news—and perhaps to offer some news and insights on poverty and social justice in the Maritimes. Please contact me through Linda Dumont or by e-mail at allansheppard12 (at) gmail.com, if you have story or interview suggestions.

Story and photo Allan Sheppard

MICHAEL BRYANT

28 SECONDS
A TRUE STORY
OF ADDICTION,
TRAGEDY,
AND HOPE

Boycott Bryants book!

**Pages 6-7 Allan
Sheppard shares
his thoughts
about Bryant's
book.**

**In this book,
Bryant airs his
one sided version
of events that
caused the death
of Darcy
Sheppard.
Darcy is dead, so
his side cannot
be told.**

A Rory Story

A Rory Story
Teach the Speech
The Truth about all Dwarfs Youth

Every Dwarf species is from the purple race.
It should also be known that every female Gnomette and
Male Gnome has great taste, although we might be born into a different colored body suit.
Together we share and about each another we care that is the absolute truth.

It is an honor for us to watch over and protect our youth.
Although sometimes we get stuck with some temporary bad luck
Because once in awhile we have to baby sit a Gnomester.

Oh Yeah! The Gnomester which could be a he or she is quite the prankster.
We hope and pray everyday that they do not turn into a gangster.

Gnomester's usually surface in the human years called the terrible twos.
To us older Dwarf's they can be quite the yahoo's!
But! We still love Gnomester's even if they seem like the bad news blues.
I must admit these creatures are fast and cunning with great wit,
As they crawl or run around the house in a frantic.
Gnomester's really can cause us mature dwarfs to panic.
Occasionally giving us older Gnomette's and Gnome's a headache.

So these are facts you should know if you have to baby-sit a Gnomester.
Always make sure their hands noses and heads are not stuck in the garbage dumpster.
Also keep them away from every type of poisonous toxic and electrical outlet.

Now I must change the subject before you think our dwarf world is not perfect.
To our relief our little friends turn over quite a new leaf.

After our Gnomester's are done enjoying their early life's rampage,
They set better goals for themselves this is their first stage.
The once rebellious and notorious Gnomester decides to become a Robognome,
Who of course helps protect the safety of his or her parent's home?
They always check and lock the houses front and back doors,
When they play inside and even before they go to bed for a good snore

In the daytime Robognomes; practice looking for lost children, on posters for child find.
They know sighting and reporting immediately to the police children
That are missing from their sad, lonely and very heartbroken Guardian's really is kind.
Robognome's also like to say, "Always stay away.
From a suspicious stranger because that unknown person might put your life into danger

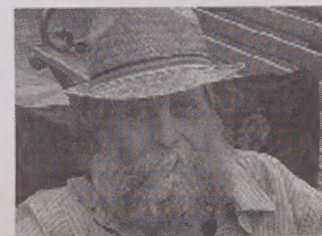
Now let me boast To what us older dwarfs like about Robognome's the most.
These wonderful Dwarf's like staying away from crime all of the time.

The End Thank you Thank you Thank you
Oh yeah! When you are young please be careful and take care.
It is also important to watch over the safety of other people's children that are playing everywhere

Written by Rory P Gaudon
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Published in Calgary Street Talk Newspaper November 1998

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Edmonton Community Groups that serve meals

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Inner City Pastoral Ministry
10527 - 96 Street
Lunch (sandwiches, fruit, veggies
and desserts) Sunday noon to 1
p.m. after the church service.
Monday to Thursday
10:30 a.m. - sandwiches
Tuesday and Friday
noon - hot lunch for women
Friday 9:45 a.m. - sandwiches

Christ Church 12116-102 Avenue
780-488-1118
3rd Saturday of the month 5:30 meal
39-95 Street
Daily -5:00 p.m. snacks 8:00 p.m. meal

Lighthouse Ministries
3010-119 Avenue 780-423-1277 or
780- 474-8086
Wednesday and Sunday 1:00 and 7:00 p.m.
meal

Hope Mission 780-422-2018
Daily 7:00 to 7:45 a.m. -breakfast
Noon - lunch 5:00 to 6:30 p.m. - supper

All Saints' Anglican Cathedral
10035 - 103 Street 780-428-6323
Thursday 12:45 p.m., Lunch
Friday 7:30 - 9:30 am.,
Breakfast (November to March)

Marian Centre
10528-98 Street
780-424-3544

Daily except Wednesday
12:00 to 12:45 p.m. meal
Closed from the 27th of each
month to re-open the 1st of next month

The Mustard Seed
10636-96 Street 780- 426-5600
Monday to Friday 7:00 to 8:00 supper
Zero tolerance of alcohol

Operation Friendship
9526-106 Avenue 780-429-2626
Monday to Friday 9:00 a.m. breakfast
Monday to Sunday 12:00 noon lunch 5:00
p.m. supper for seniors 55 and over only

Red Road Healing Society
4225-118 Avenue 471-3220
Tuesday and Thursday 5:00 p.m. meal
Friday - 12:00 to 1:00 soup and bannock

Robertson Wesley United Church
10209 - 123 Street 780-482-1587
Second Saturday of each month 5:00 p.m.
meal

Sai Sadam
9619-101 Avenue upstairs
Wednesday - 6:00 p.m. meal

Salvation Army
9620-101A Avenue 780-242-9222
7:00 to 9:00 p.m. - lunch
Monday and Friday 83 Avenue -104 Street
(parking lot!)

St. Peter's Lutheran Church
9606 - 110 Avenue 780-426-1122

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday
7:00 to 9:00 a.m. breakfast

St. Faith's Anglican
11725-93 Street - parish hall 780-477-5931
Thursday - 12:30 p.m. soup
Saturday - 8:30 to 10:00 a.m. breakfast
3rd Friday of the month - 7:00 supper

Victory Café and Soup Bar
13411- Fort Road
Monday - 5:30 to 6:45 meal

Edmonton Orthodox Reformed Church
11610 - 95A St.
Info: Pete Wright - 479-1860
www.orcurc.org
Thursdays 6:15 Soup & Study

B's Diner
100 Street and Whyte Avenue
Wednesdays 1 to 3 p.m. meals

**Jasper Place Health and
Wellness Centre**
15210-Stoney Plain Road meals
Tuesdays 6 to 7 p.m.

Boyle Street community Services
7:00 a.m. daily - breakfast
11:30 daily - lunch

Please call Alberta Street News if you want
your group added to this list or if there have
been changes that should be made.
Call Linda at 780 428-0805
or email dumontic@hotmail.com

Calgary vendor attends 2011 NASNA Conference in Nashville Tennessee



So then I just went outside to where the bus driver was transferring luggage. I then told the bus driver what had happened. He said, "What! this is not going to happen." He promptly marched back onto the bus. He said to the guy in the back seat, "You cannot take the back seats, so you can lay down to sleep!"

As the bus driver was continuing to talk to the white male passenger, he said, "Get up now! You can't just save and hold up seats for just wanting to sleep! You're not the only one riding this bus!"

So then I was able to sit down. The atmosphere and energy from the two white male passengers was a bad attitude, intense anger and frustration. I didn't feel safe for fear of retaliation. I just sat there and minded my own business. I was falling in and out sleep. I had no desire to even try to react to their negative, running me down conversation. These 2 white males are just a chosen few who had no regard for other passengers as the bus was filling up to capacity. I continued to ride with these two unruly passengers from Missoula, Mont. and another transfer in Stanfield Oregon. They eventually both settled down and they were told by the bus driver to settle down and to keep their comments to themselves or they would have to leave the bus at the next stop break. We had travelled all night long from Stanfield Oregon to Seattle Washington, then there was another transfer in Seattle Wa. This is where the two unruly white males finally got off the bus. I was then able to sleep from Seattle Wa. to Vancouver.

Just from Seattle Washington to Vancouver, I saw the lady I had met in Denver, Colorado and on our way home westward. I had mentioned her name when I had met her at the Denver Co Bus Depot! Her name is Fawnd A Saim from Wasilla, Alaska. She got off in a small city to get a hotel room over night so she could catch a cruise ship to take her home to Alaska. We were all delayed for about two hours at a gas and grocery place called J.J. Oil 66 in Oakley, Kansas. The bus driver apparently walked off the job so we had to wait for another driver. This delayed Fawnd as well as others to their next transfer.

I'm hoping that someone who is travelling Alberta in the areas where the ASN Newspaper is sold will see the September, 2012 ASN Newspaper when it does come out in the fall. Someone might see her name and the message I'm sending to her to get in contact me through the ASN Newspaper's E-mail Address.

I had also met an older blind gentleman at the Nashville Tenn. Greyhound Bus Depot. He had gotten on the Nashville Tenn. bus, somewhere in a small town coming into Nashville, Tenn. He was a real conversationalist, just as I remember giving up my seat near the front of the bus so he could be accommodated, until we got to the Nashville Tenn. Bus Depot. We both continued chatting to each other at the bus depot while I

was waiting for my ride to be picked up to go to my destination!

While arriving in Seattle Wa. as we were driving along near the harbour, I saw a Real Change Newspaper Vendor selling the paper as the bus was just going into the main downtown core!

When we got to Vancouver, there was another last transfer at about 9:00 a.m. to Calgary AB. I went right to the back of the bus since the bus was already filled and there was no one wanting to sit next to me at the other two back seats. I noticed that the bus was half full so then I decided to lie down for a few hours.

Then it was about in Kamloops BC. I was told by another passenger near by that another male passenger was drinking out of my water bottle. We did have a break at Kamloops BC. at The Cafe Express for something to eat. I remember the food being very expensive. Just ordering a very small take-out bowl of soup was priced over \$6.00!

Eventually the bus arrived in Calgary at about 12:30 a.m. the next day. I walked over with my back pack and other bags to the 7th Avenue and 8th St SW. McDonalds to have something to eat. I didn't get home until at about 4:00 a.m.

I slept for most of Thursday, Oct 19, 2011. I remember waking up a few times for about two days hearing in my dreams the sounds of the engine rumble of the Greyhound bus. This was the first time in my lifetime that I had taken a round trip from east to the western states. I would like to travel again to hopefully go down to The Little Big Horn in Montana and then back to Calgary.

I'm also hoping to fly to the next NASNA Conference in Seattle in 2013.

I wanted to make a list of the places where the Greyhound Bus stopped for breaks and coffee! Some of the places where the Greyhound Bus stopped for breaks and coffee - going through Eastern Canada and The US., Leaving from Nashville Tenn. to the Western US. and to Canada are:

Sun, October 9, 2011

Emma's Esso - Bassano, AB.
Robin's Donut's & Deli-Sask.
Dr. Alex Hotel - Virden, Manitoba
Chicken Charlie's Coffee Snack St. Brandon MB.

Mon, Oct 10

Tim Horton's - Winnipeg, Airport
A&W Hub Program - Food
Kramden's Kafe - 610 Bay Street

Tues, Oct 11,

Toronto Bus Terminal

Wed, Oct 12

Pilot Travel, Centres
Coffee Findley Ohio
Greyhound Food Services - Cincinnati, Ohio
Greyhound food Services Muhammed Ali Blvd - Louisville Ky.

Thurs, Oct 13,

CVS/Pharmacy Nashville, Tenn

Fri Oct 14,

Kings Market Nashville, Tenn.

Sat, Oct 15,

CVS/Pharmacy Nashville, Tenn.

Sun, Oct 16,

Pepperoni Pizza & a Diet Drink

Mon, Oct 17,

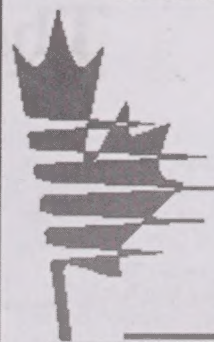
West Crawford Salina, Kansas
Travel Shoppe, J.J. Oil 66 Grocery & McDonald's - Goodland KS.
Ling's Cafe Cheyenne Wy.

Tues, Oct 18, Stel's kitchen & Bakery/Breakfast - Billings, Mont
Cozey's Corner Bozeman Mont.

Wed, Oct 19,

St. Regis Travel Center- Gift Shop, St. Regis Mont.
Love's Travel Stops - Fruit Ellenburg Mont.
Chiliwack BC. Snack
Cafe Express Kamloops BC

Story and photo Andie WL



PETER GOLDRING
Member of Parliament
Edmonton East

A LEGACY OF HOPE

Thirty-one years ago, on April 12, 1980, 21-year-old Terry Fox started out on his "Marathon of Hope" - a cross-Canada run to raise awareness and money for cancer research. A cancer survivor himself, the amputee runner was keenly aware of the need for more in the battle against the disease.

Terry was forced to abandon his trek when the cancer returned, having run 143 days and 5,373 kilometres from St. John's, Newfoundland to Thunder Bay, Ontario.

I have a particular memory of Terry Fox. In 1980, my wife Lorraine, daughter Corinna and I were traveling by car from Edmonton to Toronto, and passed Terry on the northern Ontario highway. Shortly after we passed, my cousin Janet's husband, a doctor in Thunder Bay, was called out to examine him. It was he who confirmed that the cancer had returned and the run was over. At the time his wife, my cousin, in Thunder Bay was also in cancer's insidious grasp and later succumbed.

A telethon held after Terry was forced to abandon his run raised \$10 million for cancer research. Before his June 1981 death, donations had passed the \$23 million target. The first Terry Fox Run, in September 1981, was held as a memorial. In the years since, thousands have participated across Canada and around the world, raising almost \$500 million for cancer research, bringing Terry's dream of a cure for cancer closer.

Terry had that Canadian spirit of perseverance, of determination and dedication that is a mark of many successful people in this country. Canadians dream big, aim for lofty goals and work hard to achieve them.

Terry Fox showed that what sometimes seems impossible can be achieved with determination and effort. A monument of Terry on Parliament Hill attests to his courage and is an inspiration to us all.

What do you think?

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The legacy left by Peter

His name was Peter. To those who knew him well, he was a sensitive, talented, creative man with a great sense of humour. To others, he was the hopeless alcoholic staggering down the streets of Leduc clutching his brown paper bag of cheap wine.

As a child, I visited my two bachelor uncles a few times a year. I remember my uncle Peter lying passed out on a small cot of bare springs covered with a grey blanket. The mattress had been thrown out because he had urinated on it so many times. Uncle Peter would be snoring loudly, his face flushed a dull red and his nose swollen with broken veins. Mom would shake him, calling "Pete, Pete" and sometimes he would mutter something or open his blood-shot eyes.

Uncle John was Peter's long-suffering older brother. John's whole life had been spent taking care of others; first his widowed mother then his alcoholic brother. John was unable to leave Peter alone in the house as he was afraid that he would burn the house down with his cigarettes. The bedroom doors and the door to upstairs all had padlocks to keep Peter from stealing things to pawn for money for more liquor.

Mom and I would sit at Uncle John's small wooden table drinking coffee. I would add lots of Carnation canned milk and spoonfuls of sugar to mine as I listened to them talk on and on. Under the wood stove five or six cats stared out at me with yellow owl eyes. I knew I couldn't play with them; they didn't like children.

At length Uncle Peter would rouse himself and stagger into the kitchen. I could see that he had peed himself again. Spying my mother, he would start pleading "Rosie, give me a dollar. Rosie please, just give me a dollar." Uncle John would try to give him a cup of his strong coffee but he would have none of it. "Jimmy a dollar," Peter would slur over and over until poor Mom, who had so little, would open the clasp of her old misshapen purse and pull out a crumpled dollar bill. Without so much as a thank-you Peter would rush out to the liquor store for another bottle of cheap wine. Uncle John clucked disapprovingly under his breath, but Mom remembered Peter as the man he had been; a

good son, a wonderful brother, and a loving husband.

I had good memories of my Uncle Peter too, before the creeping curse of alcoholism dulled his mind and stole his life. When I was little Uncle Peter always made a fuss of my sister and me when we visited. He walked with us the few blocks to the Chinese restaurant where we shared bricks of vanilla ice cream. We never tasted ice cream on the farm as we had no electricity so it was a special treat. Mom had wonderful memories of

I had good memories of my Uncle Peter too, before the creeping curse of alcoholism dulled his mind and stole his life.

an older brother, who was her closest friend. Peter was the one who defended her at school against the cruel taunts of the "Rich English" as she called them. In Leduc the Ukrainian immigrant children were treated terribly during the nineteen twenties, and Mom and Peter were both scarred by this abuse. Peter, however, with his ready smile and sense of humor seemed to fare quite well. He played on the Leduc hockey team, played the guitar, and learned carpentry. At seventeen Peter built a barn for one of the neighbours. He had a brilliant mind and loved to read. He would give boxes of his old books to us; Popular Mechanics for my brother, True Detective magazines for my Mother and my sister and I loved the Science

Fiction books.

Sadly, the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children whether by heredity or environment. My grandfather suffered from depression and alcoholism and lost all hope. He committed suicide when my mom was a baby and Peter was three. Raised in utter poverty by a widowed mother, Peter also fell to the mind-numbing temptation of alcohol. To him it was easier to drink himself into oblivion than to remember his broken marriage and shattered dreams.

Known for being the town drunk, the local police picked Peter up when they saw him staggering down the street and drove him home. Uncle John was used to seeing Peter on the arm of a police officer when the beer parlour closed for the night. One winter night a new police officer saw Peter weaving his way through the gathering snow. Peter was unable to tell the officer his address so he was taken to the jail to sleep it off. He died that night, alone in the small quiet jail cell while the snow fell softly and covered his last few faltering steps.

That would have been the tragic end of this story, but for the legacy that Peter left. We all leave our mark on this world and on the lives of others for good or ill. Because of Peter's love of learning, my brother poured over the boxes of Popular Mechanics books for hours. Neil went on to SAIT to study mechanics and excelled in his chosen career. Later my brother became a teacher of mechanics. My sister and I loved the Science Fiction books so much we became avid readers and began writing our own little books as children. My sister went on to study journalism and became a newspaper editor. I still have the beautiful little writing desk that Uncle Peter made for his mother when he was young.

Looking at his smiling picture, I see a young man who had such promise. He was so much more than his disease. That is true of all those whose lives have been destroyed by alcoholism. They all have their story, and they have all touched the lives of others in meaningful and long-lasting ways.

By Sharon Austin

Meals & Food Resources in Calgary

Drop-In Centre 1, 4th Avenue SE

All clients of The DI may access meal services. Meals and snacks are provided at no charge to anyone in need. Food service is offered on the 2nd Floor daily, 365 days a year. Clients who are unable to attend regular meal service due to work or school commitments, or other verifiable appointments can receive a bagged lunch. Bagged lunches can be arranged by request to any staff person, or through the Day Office located on the 2nd Floor.

Meal Schedules
Breakfast - 7:00 a.m.
Snack - 9:30 a.m.
Lunch - 12:00 p.m.
Snack - 3:30 p.m.
Dinner - 6:00 p.m.

Center of Hope 420- 9th Avenue SE

Free for clients
Open to public for small charge
Breakfast: \$2.50
Lunch: \$3.00
Dinner: \$4.50

Emergency Meals (24 & Under)

EXIT Community Outreach
117-7th Avenue SW, Calgary
403-262-9953
Sunday 1:00 pm - 5:00 p.m.

Emergency Meals - Youth EXIT Youth Shelter

11218 Ave NE, Calgary
7 days/week - 4:00 pm - 9:00 p.m.

Community Supports

Streetlight - Youth for Christ
Parks at 10th ave & 1st Street SE
Monday & Thursday

Emergency Meals

Alex Community Health Centre
Unit 101, 1318 Centre Street NE
403-266-2622
Thursdays Only - 10:30 a.m.

Food Bank

Calgary Inter-Faith Food Bank
403-253-2055

Food Hamper

NeighbourLink Calgary
403-209-1930

Food Bank

Calgary Inter-Faith Food Bank
403-253-2059

Food Bank

Calgary Poppy Fund and Veterans
Food Bank
Monday - Friday 10:00 am - 3:00 pm

Food Bank

Muslim Families Network Society: Halal Food
403-466-6367
www.MuslimFamiliesNetwork.com

Food Hamper

St. Edmund's Anglican Church
8336-34th Ave NW
Monday & Thursday
09:00 am - 12:00 Noon

Community Meals

Inn from the Cold
403-263-8384

Emergency Food

CUPS (Calgary Urban Project Society)
128-7th Avenue SE

Food Hamper & Meals

Feed the Hungry, St. Mary's Cathedral
Sunday Dinner
3:30 pm - 5:00 p.m.

Meals on the street outside City Hall

Calgary Street Church
Monday - 6:00pm,
Wednesday - 11:00a.m.
Friday - 6:00pm Sunday - 1:00 p.m.

As parents we are the Gatekeepers, the Protectors, the Nurturers and the Leaders in our childrens lives



The residue of my abuse at the hands of my father has become my loyal companion, while the memories have left a deep impact compounded by the feelings of shame, guilt and not being good enough. When I was growing up I knew that for every step I took, there was a kind of blockage formed through incredible "fear" and even when I wanted to defy this fear there is something with incredible strength holding me back and standing in the way of what I wanted to accomplish.

I truly believe that the statement that "Children that have gone through trauma are resilient is just an excuse not to provide the counseling and mental help necessary to ensure their healthy development".

Being a parent does not mean that I own my children and I have the right to violate them in any form or shape what it means is that I am responsible for their physical, mental and spiritual development. It is my duty to make my home the kind of environment that enables them to thrive and develop into incredible human beings. When children grow up in a nurturing environment, they learn to cherish their uniqueness and through unconditional love and acceptance they begin to develop their self esteem, their self image and their self worth.

The sad evidence is that thousands and thousands of parents that have been victims of abuse in their childhood are using their dysfunctional learning and applying it to raise their own children. Therefore we have "victims" raising children and passing their destructive legacy of abuse to their children creating more victims through the dysfunctional traits of their own families.

Children that are exposed to traumatic events that include physical, sexual, and emotional abuse develop a range of psychological problems. These effects, while they might appear incongnizable, have a way of appearing through a range of psychological problems such as phobias, behavioral problems, depression, anxiety, panic attacks.

It is time to rise above and start taking the role that we are meant to have in order to protect our innocent children, we must never stand by and accept any form of child abuse, we must become vigilant in the exploitation of children through pageants, commercials, or any media form that tends to sexualize or expose our children to the degradation of children. We must guard their childhood and ensure that their development is done in a healthy manner.

It is a fact that the natural development of a child will be affected by the child environmental experiences. The events can either have "positive or negative" consequences. Continuous abuse in "any" form creates stress through the flight and fight response and become reactive to any believe of dangers. At the slightest noise or threat, or even just the sense of the presence of the abusive person will create incredible fear, anxiety and complete helplessness. The child is constantly in high alert causing their heart rate to increase.

Other ways that will affect children are freezing and dissociative response. Physical flight or fight is impossible for an infant, toddler or a young person. Freezing and dissociation become their survival modes; this child will be in a constant state of fear, hyper vigilance, aggression or complete surrender. They will be either starving for acceptance or erecting walls to preserve their sense of safety.

Knowing the detrimental effects on children to me is unconscionable that the victims child abuse are not given the attention and the help that they rightly deserve. We are giving a blind eye to the horrors that children go through at the hands of the people that are supposed to protect them and keep them safe. This is domestic terrorism is disguised as parenting. And when parents put their children through the same hell they went through or worst it becomes a true legacy of "evilness"

As parents and as adults that experienced abuse we must rise above and ensure that our children are provided with an environment where they feel safe; where they feel that they belong. We must allow them to

make mistakes and enable to use as learning tools. In my case as an adult survivor, the legacy of abuse has been broken but not completely. My children grew up with spankings (not beatings) and raising my voice. Now that I am aware of the "time out system" I wish I have done it because even yelling and having high expectation on children tends to denigrate them through our actions affecting their self image. What we do to enhance ourselves in our status as a parent only serves to denigrate our children.

The residue of my abuse at the hands of my father has become my loyal companion, while the memories have left a deep impact compounded by the feelings of shame, guilt and not being good enough. When I was growing up I knew that for every step I took, there was a kind of blockage formed through incredible "fear" and even when I wanted to defy this fear there is something with incredible strength holding me back and standing in the way of what I wanted to accomplish.

One of the incidents that left such a deep mark in my life and it is so difficult to let go is the time someone told my father I was going with someone. I was about 16 years old he called me to the secluded room for servants carrying his gun and his belt and I knew I was in deep trouble. Firstly, he beat me with the buckle of the belt, then he wanted to check my private parts and I would not let him and at the end he put the loaded gun to my head and asked me to shoot myself.

I screamed, asked for help but like every other time, no one came to rescue me - first was the fear of what was going to happen to you, then the hopelessness that there was nothing that I could do, then the sense of betrayal and the wonder that a person that holds the role of a parent could be such a cowardly evil person to do this to his own flesh and blood. In the end I am not going to deny that I actually thought of ending my life but that was the easy way out, I told myself, "I will show you". Picking up the pieces of my life was the easy part, trying to put them together and rise above took time and incredible strength.

Now when I think about that incident, it is not to wallow in pity and ask myself "why me?" That is not important. What is important is that through this ordeal I came to the realization that "I could do it", that I have within me everything I need to survive and be an incredible human being.

Every day I am learning how to embrace parts of my past and one thing I have been able to learn is that no one can take "our worth" as a human being and that is up to us to teach people how to treat us.

As survivors of abuse we are committed to the children in our society to speak against Child abuse and ensure that if we see the abuse of children we report it:

By Maria B

**Child abuse
hot line:**

1-800-387-5437

**If you are 18 years old
you are obliged to
report Child abuse in
any form.**

THEIR STORY

A Feature on Alberta Street News Vendors



Dale

There are recurring themes and issues in the stories of the homeless. People face a range of challenges, any one of which can start the spiral of dependency and vulnerability. Dale's story is not that much different in that sense.

He was born into a family tied to the oil industry in Olds, in 1956. His father worked in drilling, so they traveled, from Olds, to Hannah, to St. Albert, overseas. A motorcycle accident overseas left Dale with a prosthetic leg. After high school in St. Albert he worked in the industry in Alberta – driving

fuel trucks, helping in kitchens. For a while he drifted to the wrong side of the law, importing and selling hash.

In his early twenties he worked into business in St. Albert, for a time owning St. Albert Taxi service and Golden Pizza. Something went wrong there though, and he lost everything. It was about that time, in his thirties, that he began to get interested in homelessness and potential solutions. He worked as security for the warming shelters in Old Strathcona and started his own housing project behind the Royal Alex Hospital. At the time he says he wasn't yet familiar with the behavioural problems associated with mental illness, and some bad choices in house mates meant that the housing project only lasted a few months before he had to abandon that as well.

Studies in both Canada and the United States show that about 40% of homeless people suffer from mental illness. Dale did his own studies. One year, he says, when the death toll of street people in Edmonton hit close to 90, he looked up the names and over 40 of them had been diagnosed with mental health problems.

Mental health has also touched Dale personally. It was during his stint as security for a shelter that he met his common law wife. She had schizophrenia, had been off her medications for some time and was hearing voices and experiencing other symptoms. He took her in and got her back on her med-

ications.

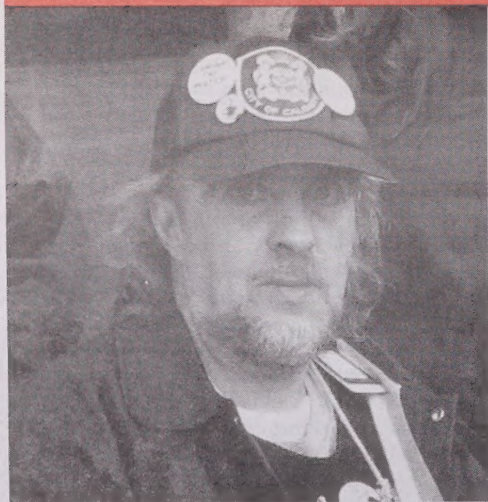
Together, they've been without a stable home for seven years. One of the challenges of mental illness, Dale says, is that the mentally ill don't necessarily know what's best for them. It's up to their support network to keep them straight. In his wife's case, Dale is the support network. Being homeless and out of work himself, it's a big job trying to keep his wife safe and stable. On the morning I talked to him they had just been kicked out of the room they'd been renting. He didn't know where his wife was, and wasn't sure that she knew who she was. He was selling Alberta Street News to get enough money to either find another room or set up a camp somewhere. Once he'd done that he had to locate her – phone the place they'd been, or walk through the city checking in with the extended network of street people and others who knew their situation and might have seen her. Selling Alberta Street News, he says, has saved them both more than once when these episodes happen. He smiled and laughed at the end of the interview. "It's a hell of a thing," he said. "I became homeless by helping the homeless."

Story and photo Eric Rice

Correction

In our August issue of Alberta Street News we spelled Lucine's name wrong on page 12.

Rob's Review



"Inner Circle"

A Fast Changing City

What I see. I see a city changing almost on a daily basis. Always trying to play catch-up with it's infrastructure, like roads and public transit. I'd give it an "A" passing grade on the CT system, an "A+" for the bike path system.

On the negative side, more older communities are disappearing, poorer people being displaced!

News Highlights

Dui charges were down during this years Stampede, some kind of attendance record was broken at this years Stampede, near 1.5 million in attendance also saw the 100th year of the Stampede being celebrated (next years Stampede promises to be even better)

Plaza Theatre may be closing it's doors after 76 plus years

Is Plaza Theatre Closing??? The last remaining neighbourhood theatre in Calgary, situated at 1133 Kensington Rd. Nw.

Sadly the Plaza Theatre may be closing it's doors for good, for the last time. The owner claims the switch to digital from film is around \$100,000. Apparently after 2UB there will be no more 35 mil film being made.

What After?

What happens to me (Rob) after (if) the plaza theatre shuts down? I've been selling there at that spot for since august 1995, the plaza became a first run art house around that time. Many independant films have been shown there from around the world. Where will I go from there? I know I will be lost and feel empty inside!

Rob's Review

Did you know that Kensington in the northwest part of Calgary is supposed to be the most affluent area of the city? However you would never know it when it comes to selling a street paper. There are a lot of high end stores and restaurants in the area. Many people resist in sharing in their good fortune.

A Far Cry - (from 12-15 years ago)

It's a far cry as for the number of papers I used to sell back in the mid 1990's as compared to now. There are many reasons for this switch- (one being the computer people don't read newspapers as much anymore, peoples' attitudes towards others less fortunate or to those that don't seem to fit in), on average my sales have dropped to under 40%.

Bicycle Riding in Calgary

Enjoy riding a bicycle in Calgary - there are many places you can get to in Calgary such as the Calgary International Airport and many other points of interest. Cycling is

clean and requires no 'change' for the parking meter and you can actually enjoy the view.

"Night Riders" - see it all the time, many if not all cycle riders not wearing proper clothing for night riding. They are hard to see by drivers at the best of times! What about during a major summer or winter storm or during foggy conditions, a bike rider would be nearly invisible, if not completely at night

Don't See Much Hope Ahead

Well maybe a hope and a prayer when it comes to affordable housing for seniors, us baby boomers are also getting up in age (anyone born after 1945 to 1950's. Government affordable housing, government run housing is almost non-existent. Seniors housing is almost all private and expensive. The list keeps on growing for affordable housing.

The Last Word

In spite of the negative side of the city that I see today, I still wouldn't trade it for any other. It's still a fairly safe city to live, work and commute in. I have good friends and a great view from off my balcony not far from a bike path. :-)

Robert Champion

NOTICE

We at Alberta Street News extend our deepest sympathy to vendor Robert Champion on the death of his common-law wife of 35 years, Lorna Jane Scambler, who passed away on August 24, 2012. She was 54 years old.